

R. R. PS
Mr. J. W. Siskin, Clanton, N.
Miss Clara Hoge, Newton, Kan.
Mrs. Christian Hoge, Newton,
Mo., and Mrs. M. W. Messer, Pe-
oria, R. R. 1.
Mr. J. R. Odson, Keosau, Ia.
R. L.
Mrs. Ada Harris, A. Gustafson,
and E. J. Gustafson, Pe-
ria, Mo., and Mrs. W. F. Koppin,
Peoria, Mo.

(Continued on Page 3)

THE FRESNO MORNING REPUBLICAN

PUBLISHED BY
Fresno Republican Publishing Co.
CHESTER H. ROWELL, Editor and Manager
SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF
THE FRESNO REPUBLICAN
Daily, delivered by carrier, 50c month
Daily by mail, 50c month
Weekly, 15c month \$1.50 a year

CAMPAIGN HERE

Everywhere outside of Fresno and adjacent counties, the pro-partisan campaign collapsed three weeks ago. There have been newspaper arguments in the partisan press, and one H. H. McKillop invented the "William" campaign, which a few papers are still quoting, but, except for one fiasco in San Francisco Saturday night, meetings ceased to be held. There were no speakers except Milton Schmidt and Sam Shorridge, and they could not get audiences. Even the non-partisan committee, which had been arranging for speakers on both sides whenever joint discussion was desired, finally had to give up getting speakers on the partisan side. They were no longer to be had. This was a distinct disappointment, for experience in joint discussions generally showed that the pro-partisan speeches made even more votes for the non-partisan bills than the non-partisan speeches did. In a final grasp, the pro-partisans did try to get up a meeting in Fresno Saturday night, but they could find no speakers except Sam Shorridge and "Constitutional John" Curtin, and only a handful of people turned out. The state pro-partisan campaign has simply fizzled, and nearly everywhere the local campaigns have met a like fate.

The one exception in the Fresno territory. Here, able, resourceful and untiring leadership, with good speakers, has made possible a thorough speaking canvass of the district. Here, if anywhere, the pro-partisan cause has been adequately presented. The non-partisan cause has of course also been presented and the people have heard both sides to an extent that has not happened anywhere else in California. Newspaper publicity, also, has been fairer here than elsewhere. It has been the policy of the pro-partisan papers, especially in San Francisco and Los Angeles, to suppress news on the non-partisan side. The Republican, for Central California, has taken just the opposite course, it has printed the news for both sides, fully and fairly. In print and by speech, the people have heard the case. Now they are to render their verdict. There is no doubt of the result, but it will be particularly interesting to watch the figures here in Central California, where the case has been most fully presented.

ANCIENT HISTORY

The campaign just closed has had more than its share of foolish arguments, but of all of them the most ludicrous was the attempt in yesterday's Chronicle to attribute the fall of Rome to non-partisanship, and to demonstrate that if the Romans had only voted the Republican ticket straight they might have been running the world yet.

However, if the Chronicle will insist on ancient history, why not get really ancient? Non-partisanship may have overthrown Rome; but if so, then the party machine drowned the world. It was the stand-patters of Noah's time that brought on the flood. They had established a machine government so absolute that the Lord himself could devise nothing milder than a universal flood to blot out their stain. But Noah was a non-partisan. He found places for the clean and the unclean beasts alike, and for male and female. So the partisans were all drowned, while the non-partisans found refuge in the Ark.

This, at least, is as good an argument as the Chronicle's.

If you think it no worse—Vote Yes.

PADDED PAY ROLL

Confronted with a new problem, people who think with their brains meet it with new arguments, but those who think with their memories merely parrot the old.

Perhaps that is the reason that, whenever there is a public issue to be settled in California, we hear the shriek of "Johnson extravagance."

"Padded pay roll," and "Commissions!" If California were voting on the sugar tariff and Governor Johnson were to take the protectionist side, the free-traders would prove their point by getting a list of new "commissions" from Frank Jordan's office. Whether these commissions exist, and whether they are a good or a bad thing, has nothing to do with the case. But somebody started the cry once, in opposing an incumbent administration, of "extravagance" and "commissions." So those who, lacking other faculties, are reduced to doing all their thinking with their memories, still parrot the ancient cry, even when it is not true, and even on issues to which it would have no relevance at all.

The same old cry has come up this campaign, and it is soberly argued that we ought to have partisan election machinery because Governor Johnson's administration is alleged to be expensive, and because he has appointed some vague number of "commissions." All of which would be nothing to the point, if true.

But it is not true, either as to expenses or as to appointments. As to expenses, John Francis Neylan of the State Board of Control has recently made Frank Jordan publicly confess, in print, that the figures, which he had put out (and on which the other arguments are based) were wrong to the slight degree of \$50,000,000. And as to appointments, Edgar Williams of the Civil Service Commission, has recently put out some illuminating figures.

The population of California is almost exactly equal to that of the city

of Chicago. California has 5,736 persons in state service, exclusive of the state university, while Chicago has 20,000.

Of these 5,736 officials and employees, 4,490 are under civil service rules, and are therefore outside any possible use as "patronage." Outside the university there are only 1,246 not under civil service, and 400 of these are normal school teachers. 239 are members of commissions which receive no pay, and 64 are members of commissions which receive only a per diem fee while meeting. This leaves only 473 appointive salaried positions. And 112 of these are employees, mostly experts, of the railroad commission and 244 employees of the two prisons, appointed by the wardens. This leaves 117, plus perhaps a few of the prison jobs, which the governor might have some influence in filling. His own direct appointments are within these 117, or less. This is the "Johnson machine." And to show that neither by soldiers' fire, nor otherwise has there been a political "clean sweep" there are 330 employees now in office who were in office during the Gillett administration. These figures, to be sure, do not agree with Frank Jordan's, but they happen to be compiled by a man in a position to know, who has the brains to do the compiling, and who is honest.

VOTE

Above all things on election day tomorrow—VOTE!

Vote wrong, if you must—but vote! And if you will vote right, vote "Yes" on the first two propositions on the ballot, the non-partisan laws. Vote "Yes" to the complete state non-partisan system, now already in operation as to nearly all the offices in California. Vote "Yes" to establish for the first time majority instead of plurality rule. Vote "Yes" to save the election system of California from the confusion into which the bungled referendum has already thrown it. Vote "Yes" to make it possible to settle state issues on state lines and national issues on national ones. Vote "Yes" to bury forever, beyond resurrection, that system which was, in the days of its power, the shame of California. Vote "Yes" to open the avenues of preferment to members of all parties, large or small. Vote "Yes" to put California once more in the front rank of American governmental leadership. And vote "Yes" to complete, to confirm and to vindicate the movement which has restored self-respect and established hope in the people of California.

Vote "YES!"

FARMS AND CITIES

Between the ages of 25 and 45—the most active adult working years—there are 1,500,000 more persons in the cities of the United States than in the country. But there are 8,000,000 more children in the country than in the cities.

In other words the cities depend on the country for their growth. The birth rate in cities will not maintain them. Even the prolific first-generation immigrants could not keep the city populations up to their industrial needs without importations from the country. Even European immigration could not do it. The cities live and grow because children are born in the country, but when they grow up they move into town. This is true even by mere numbers, in the census. And of course it is comparably more true of that portion of the population known as the "old American stock." This stock runs out in the cities. But in the country it holds its own and has a surplus for the cities.

Eugenically, the country can maintain itself. But industrially it is already at a disadvantage. For generations, government land kept up the farming population and productivity. Now that is gone, and the cities quite as much as the country are suffering or menaced by the change. We need something in the way of human outlet to take the place once filled by the free land.

All of which means vote YES on Proposition 5, Rural Credits, on the ballot.

When you vote tomorrow—Vote NO on propositions 3 and 5; Vote YES on all the rest.

BRIEF EDITORIAL

FANCIES SELECTED

Husbands and Mule Drivers

A youth, who was rejected by his promised bride, will take the money he had intended to spend on a honeymoon and buy a team of mules with it. His decision is both rational and pragmatic. More men ought to buy mules. Instead of course, a good wife is better than any team in the world, but it is much easier to pick a winning span of mules than to make a sure-fire go of a romance. Beside, there are more men in the world who can manage a brace of barnyard cursers than those who can run a household.

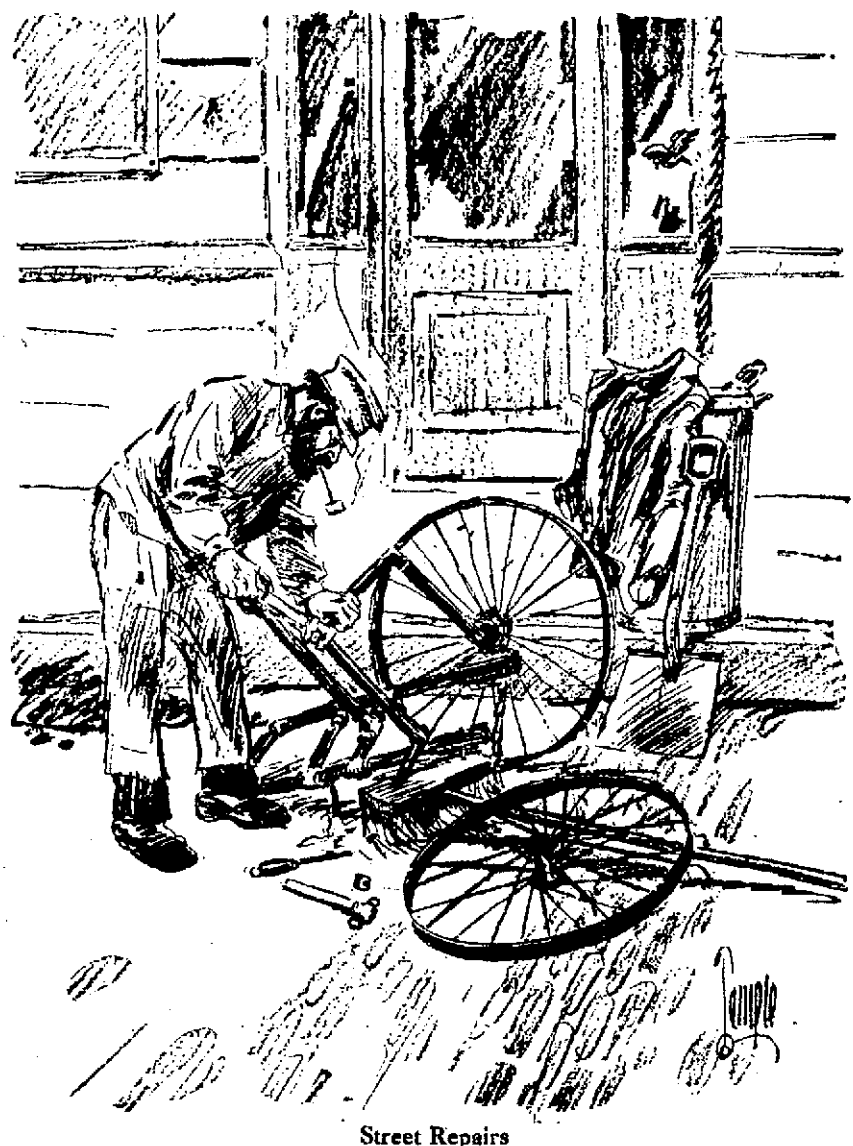
HER BUSY LIFE ALL ACCIDENTS.

There is a lot of zip and zing in life these cool autumn days for Miss Lottie Forbes, of 3414 A. Bamberger avenue. She is falling in front of moving street cars, tumbling into the rescuing arms of a husky policeman just as the "crook" wheels are about to crush out her fair young life, taking mad joy rides in autos that violate all the traffic rules and being saved every once in a while from an "angry" mob.

Miss Forbes is the "heroine" in a series of moving pictures being taken for the United Railways in its campaign of "safety first" education. Her simple little assignment is to do for the camera everything people ought not to do if they would enjoy the customary complement of limbs and a ripe old age.

Not that there is any real danger in it for her. Nothing of the sort! There is the unimpeachable word of a lot of people for that. When one inquires about the actual risk of deceiving the United Railways with a sound "flat hat"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Sketches from Life :: :: By Temple



Street Repairs

NON-PARTISANSHIP ISSUE ON STATE BALLOT TOMORROW

DIRECT PRIMARY LAW. Submitted to electors by referendum. Defines political parties; declares that office of United States senator, representative in congress, congressional party committee, delegate to national party convention and presidential elector shall be partisan, and all other offices non-partisan; regulates primary elections, nominates candidates, form of ballot and voting at such elections, canvassing returns thereof, contents and fees; defines lawful campaign expenses and requires statement thereof; provides for election and organization of congressional party committee by political parties; provides penalties for violation of act, and repeals primary law of 1913.	YES	X
NO		
FORM OF BALLOT LAW. Submitted to electors by referendum. Provides for the size, form and manner of printing of ballots to be used at general elections, including gubernatorial and presidential elections, for the determination of the order in which state, district and county officers shall appear thereon, for the preparation of ballot titles for measures submitted to the electors, and for the manner in which such titles, offices and names of candidates therefor, and instructions to voters shall be printed upon such ballots.	YES	X
NO		



Men as bulbous as the waist as a pear, laugh gaily when they see a donkey

of what he does, but what he says. The donkey doesn't know enough to keep his mouth shut.

When he brays he sounds like all the combined ignorances of the world holding a mass meeting.

In this fault the donkey resembles many men who could go through the world covering their defects with a plug hat and plenty of whiskers if they did not insist on talking at exposed points in the sun.

Nothing is more pathetic than to behold a man acting as his own press agent with nothing but ignorance to advertise.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered with submarines abroad and disarmament leagues at home it almost seems as if the donkey should be made the national bird of America.

The donkey is not only a much abused beast, but he has the reputation of being the biggest fool in the animal kingdom. This is not because

He is the worst abused beast of burden in the world. In lands where the donkey is the principal means of transportation, his owner piles goods on him until his legs begin to bend and then encourages him to climb mountains by beating him with a fence rail.

This is because of his theory of non-resistance. The donkey never objects. He has been following a peace policy by himself for over 5,000 years. This is why a donkey driver does not hesitate to grab his donkey by the tail and set a free ride up a hill so steep that the sidewalkers have to run on them.

He knows the salient difference between a donkey and a mule. The mule does not cruise around the country biting unoffending citizens, but nobody pulls his tail or steps on his corns.

Sometimes in these trying days when we are pestered

News From Central California

SPEAKER CLARK WILL LECTURE IN MERCED

Is Engaged for Number Under Auspices of Lyceum Course

MERCED, Oct. 24.—Champlin Clark, speaker of the house of representatives, former presidential candidate, and a famous figure in national affairs, will lecture in Merced in Barcroft opera house next Tuesday night on a non-political subject. He is being brought here under the auspices of the Merced Lyceum committee. Great enthusiasm is evinced over his appearance, as towns of less than metropolitan importance are seldom favored by so high a speaker, and it is expected that many will come from West Side towns and other valley points to hear him. He is to speak in Stockton on Monday night, and will arrive in Merced at noon Tuesday. An informal reception will be held in his honor at El Capitlan hotel at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, in which the public generally is invited.

STRATHMORE

STRATHMORE, Oct. 24.—Paul Odous is in San Francisco, where he will spend a week at the exposition.

Rev. Samuel Harris is in San Diego, where he is attending the Presbyterian synod.

Mr. and Mrs. La Bar and daughters, Cord and Eva, left this morning for San Francisco by auto. They were reported to have gone Tuesday, but were delayed.

Helen Hamilton, who has been quite sick is up again and enjoying good health.

Rev. W. Earl Smith left yesterday for Eastern Pennsylvania, where he will begin his work as minister in the John Wood Anderson campaign.

O. H. Brubaker lost three fine horses recently. Mr. Brubaker was absent from home when three of his horses were pulled down and a sack of poisoned wheat for squirrels, which was above the mangers. When he returned he found the three lying dead in their stalls. The loss is considerable.

WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lockswanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My physician wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, sleep easy, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KRAMER, 1874 Electric Avenue, Lockswanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company (consultation) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Help Conceal Age By Keeping Your Complexion Young With Cuticura Soap

Complexion Young With Cuticura Soap

Samples Free by Mail

KERMAN

KERMAN, Oct. 24.—About fifty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lavinia Kelly of the Brethren colony, surprised them Saturday evening. Music and games were enjoyed and refreshments were served. The Kellys plan to move to Fresno in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller left Friday for Los Angeles.

A. D. Sandell and R. J. Swift are in San Francisco seeing the fair. They will return Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Schmitt and Miss Myrtle Schmitt and Dr. C. Stanton made a motor trip to San Francisco Friday.

Rev. S. R. Rogers is a delegate to a meeting of the Brethren church at Reedley this week.

J. E. Hadden of Dinuba has purchased the Hirsch and Kieckhefer ranches in section 3, three miles north-west of Kerman. He will improve the place with a dairy herd, James Hadden of the Fruit Colony has aided leave to his holdings.

Isaac Burkhardt and wife of Los Angeles spent the week-end at the home of nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mowry.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carlson and daughters, Minnie and Myrtle, are spending the week in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Larson are in San Francisco this week.

Mrs. J. M. Youkin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Olsen and Mrs. Carey, at Newman.

Clyde and Jim Murphy, Roy Aslin and H. Allen are at the exposition this week.

Anna Snyder of Santa Ana is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Hart.

A change of management took place at the Kerman Creamery Monday morning when George E. Peoples accepted the vacancy caused by the resignation of P. M. Peterson, who will leave Kerman to enter business in Fresno. Peoples has been employed as cream tester at the creamery for the past two months, and is an experienced creamery man.

The vice field one mile south of town was visited Sunday by a great many people. The grain is now being harvested, and is causing much comment on account of the excellent stand.

Miss Christina Korte and C. J. Faust of Biola were married Monday at the home of Rev. A. H. Thiede in Fresno. The ceremony was witnessed by only the relatives and close friends of the bride couple. Rev. Thiede performed the ceremony.

The Frigate club, the Sunshine society and the K. K. K. club were entertained last Wednesday by Mrs. H. Wilson and Mrs. G. E. Kennedy at the Wilson home in the Biola colony. White with ribbon, were handed to the guests, which when opened were found to contain the wedding announcement of Miss Sarah Wilson and Huron Kennedy.

The Commercial Association of Kerman will entertain at a Halloween dance Saturday night. October 30. The orchestra from Fresno will furnish the music and the Woman's Improvement Club will serve supper.

ITCHING SCALP

Dandruff and Eczema can be cured with Smith's Dandruff Pomade when other remedies fail. Prices 50c at all druggists. Sample free at Smith Bros. Drug Store.

A STRANGE CASE.

Blood Turned to Water

Oakland, Cal.—"My sister-in-law was poisoned, her blood turned to water, the doctors gave her up, said she could never be cured. She finally took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which cured her. We consider it a miracle."

"I have had six operations which left me in a nervous state, with loss of sleep and appetite. I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. My general health commenced to improve after the first bottle. I took six bottles and was cured, gained 30 pounds. I wish to give Dr. Pierce the highest endorsement for his remedies."—Mrs. MAX TRUDOW, 801 26th St.

Many California people need this powerful vegetable remedy that puts the stomach, liver and bowels in fine condition; that clears the skin of pimples, rashes, blemishes and eczema; that dissolves boils and carbuncles; that makes nerves stronger and steadier, and gives tone to pine, weak, run-down people the full measure of health and happiness.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, free from alcohol or narcotics, does just what is stated above, simply because it banishes from the blood all poisons and impure matter. It dissolves the impure deposits and carries them out, as it does all impurities, through the Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

If you have a bad cough, bronchitis, nasal or other catarrh, untended nerves or unsightly skin, get Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to-day and start at once to replace your impure blood with the kind that puts energy and ambition into you and brings back youth and vigorous action.

All medicine dealers can supply you in either liquid or tablet form or send you cents for trial box of tablets to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Write for free booklet on blood.

All Babies Destined to Great Achievement

To be born is to be great. For there are possibilities in every baby human infant. And for this reason every one should remember that whatever is done to a baby, it is done to the mother, to relieve her of distress during her trying months, will surely be of much benefit to the child.

Among the sterling aids to a splendid start is "Mother's Friend." It is what is called an emollient. It is applied to the abdominal muscles and guided by your own hand. It makes the muscular system expand quite naturally and the effect upon the nerves is such that they adjust themselves to the process of expansion. The pain from this source is almost eliminated. Women who use "Mother's Friend" refer to the absence of morning sickness, they are relieved of a great many minor troubles, and the baby is born healthy and happy. Get a bottle today of "Mother's Friend." It is the most effective and instructive book for all prospective mothers. Address: Bradfield Regulator Co., 405 Lamer Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

KERMAN CASE TO BE HEARD OCT. 30

KERMAN, Oct. 24.—The complaint which the water users of the Bank of California Trust recently sent to the State Railroad Commission will be given a public hearing by Examiner Westover Saturday morning, October 30, in the assembly hall of the Kerman union high school.

DELANO

DELANO, Oct. 24.—The party given at the high school on Friday night by the sophomores to the freshmen, was a very pleasant affair. The freshmen were put through a course of games, which proved highly amusing to the audience, and music also furnished entertainment, and delicious refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. William Northey entertained about thirty persons at a party on Friday night at their home north of town. A large number of people in this vicinity are from in and around Waterloo, Iowa, and they frequently get together for a reunion.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William Northey, Mr. and Mrs. A. Corson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Smith and family, Mr. and Mrs. Shuster, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Post, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Corson, Mr. and Mrs. Coddington, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. F. Peterson, Mrs. Sullivan, and others.

Rev. W. A. Reynolds of Los Angeles, recently appointed pastor of the Methodist church here, has arrived and assumed his pastorate.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Clasen have returned from a visit to San Francisco. Mr. Bowley and family and Miss Agnes Woolhouse motored to the fair in San Francisco the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bullock motored to the fair the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Clark and daughter, returned from Delano recently on their way from San Diego to San Francisco to visit the fair. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have taken their home in Delano, but Mr. Clark has chosen to remain in Delano, where he has since last January.

The Delano Joint union high school and the grammar school will both be closed this week on account of teachers' institute, which commences Monday, October 25, at 2 p. m.

A number of young men about town will give a masquerade, Halloween ball on Saturday night, October 30, in the Delano theater.

The Etude Club met on Saturday and discussed referendums to be voted upon on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Rhodes of San Francisco have returned home after a three weeks' visit with Mrs. Rhodes' sister, Mrs. J. J. Heslop.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Schuler have returned to their ranch north of town after an absence of several months.

R. S. Precia spent Wednesday in Visalia.

Mr. S. F. Shifflet has erected a lively barn to take the place of the one recently destroyed by fire.

LOS BANOS

LOS BANOS, Oct. 24.—About twenty members of Mr. Brown's No. 32, O. P. E. lodge, left for Los Angeles last evening to attend the district meeting. A drill team selected from the Newman and Gustine lodges conferred the first degree, finishing the evening's entertainment with a song.

Mr. J. E. Bishop of Alaska, accompanied by Mr. Bishop's mother, Mrs. J. W. Bishop, of Oakland, visited her son and wife, W. J. Bishop, of Los Banos. The party left for Fresno and the southland after a week's stay in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bishop, who have been visiting in Los Banos on business Saturday.

Mrs. Dennis Brown and children of Tranquillity visited her sister, Mrs. C. S. Cuthbert, the latter part of this week. They will motor to San Jose this evening to visit her mother, Mrs. Bibby.

Mrs. Bibby has been a patient in a San Jose hospital for some time and is slowly improving.

Miss Hattie Gordon left Saturday to spend Sunday in San Francisco with friends.

City Clerk S. D. McPhail, ex-postmaster of Los Banos, has been enjoying a visit from his son, John S. McPhail, of Fayetteville, Tenn.

Arnold Graham, Jr., has returned from a visit spent at the San Francisco exposition and visiting relatives in Oakland.

COALINGA

COALINGA, Oct. 24.—Mr. Lillian P. Fisher, who has been absent from the city all summer, returned home Friday.

The Growler's Club will hold a Halloween party on October 30. The evening will be given over to a smoker and a game of bridge, after which a musical entertainment will follow.

On account of the fact that many of the members of the committee on the question of extending fire protection were absent, the meeting at the council chamber was adjourned last night.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The Royal Neighborhood of American are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held in the opera house on October 30. The lodge is offering many attractive prizes for clever costume making.

The reports of the committee on plans and specifications and on ways and means will be received by trustees at their next meeting, Monday, November 1.

Ernest Trokey of the accounting department of the R. T. O. departed for Los Angeles Friday evening where he is to be married to Miss Maude Stapler of that city. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Trokey will reside on Fresno street, Coalinga.

R. M. Cook, an employee of the Dudley and Dudley Oil Company, at Lost Hills, is spending a few days with friends in this city.

Norman Hawkins, who has been under treatment in the Southern Pacific hospital for the past year for an injury of the eyes returned home Friday morning.

W. D. Russell, formerly local manager for the Tay Pike Company, has returned to this city to take the place of Mr. Fisher, who has been transferred to the Royal Neighborhood of American.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Schuler are making extensive preparations for their annual Halloween ball which will be held

EVENINGS—7 to 9. ADULTS 15c—CHILDREN 10c
GET THE EMPIRE HABIT—SAVE MONEY



READ THE STORIES IN THE REPUBLICAN EVERY MONDAY

October 25, 1915

Stories of Adventures in Love

"Growing For You"

By Will Seaton

JENNY LEE came slowly down the street from the Herrick house on the hill, where she had been sewing all day. The evening was so warm that the coat she had needed in the morning felt uncomfortable now, and she had thrown it back on her shoulders. She was late in getting home because she had stayed to tea. In Westmore a seamstress is entitled to two meals as well as to a dollar, which in Jenny's case was a real godsend.

As she walked Jenny thought dreamily of the pretty things she had worked upon all day—the sheer, lace-trimmed linens which Bess Herrick was to wear under her wedding gown. Jenny had always made Bess Herrick's clothing, and, although the beautiful satin wedding gown was beyond her skill, she was fashioning the things that went with it. She had even sewed the gown itself, which had arrived that day from the city—a pearly robe, with a veil like morning mist.

But it was less the dress she remembered than the lifted radiance of Bess's young face as she cried: "Oh, Jenny, don't you wish you were me!"

Jenny Lee was tired tonight—tired in body and spirit. She dragged along like a bird with both wings broken. Mile street streamed with lighted cars, whose occupants were cooling off after the heat and stress of the day. Jenny had to wait a long time at a crossing before she could get sufficient courage to pass over. Then she moved down a shabby, old, quiet street which grew darker and quieter and shabbier the farther she went. At the very end was her house.

Two generations of Lees had occupied the house before it came to Jenny. It was a little gray house like a hornet's nest. On either side of the yard were pailings, but the front was open to the street. Here crowded Jenny's flowers, some of which were descendants of her grandmother's posies. Soft waves of perfume rose into the night air. They came forward to greet Jenny. She could distinguish the odor of spice pink, bluish roses, and white nancies. She loved best the white nancies for an old, sweet, simple reason of her own. As she went up the narrow path she reached out and broke a bit from the nearest white flower cluster and pressed it to her face. Its sweetness and the memory of Bess Herrick's wedding dress set her heart aching.

Jenny opened the door. The close, cozy breath of her home breathed upon her. The room was not more than gray dark, for the moon was floating off like a white globe. Jenny took off her hat, and then she changed her mind. She also removed the chimney from the lamp and started to strike a match, but changed her mind about that also.

"I'm always changing my mind," she thought. "It has been my curse." She dropped down into the nearest chair and submitted herself to reflection. "I wish I hadn't seen that dress," she thought. "I wish they hadn't asked me to make those bridal things. It brings it all back. It has seemed all day as if—" A sob came into her throat. She tried to swallow the odor of spice pink, bluish roses, and white nancies. She loved best the white nancies for an old, sweet, simple reason of her own. As she went up the narrow path she reached out and broke a bit from the nearest white flower cluster and pressed it to her face. Its sweetness and the memory of Bess Herrick's wedding dress set her heart aching.

Jenny opened the door. The close, cozy breath of her home breathed upon her. The room was not more than gray dark, for the moon was floating off like a white globe. Jenny took off her hat, and then she changed her mind. She also removed the chimney from the lamp and started to strike a match, but changed her mind about that also.

"I'm always changing my mind," she thought. "It has been my curse." She dropped down into the nearest chair and submitted herself to reflection. "I wish I hadn't seen that dress," she thought. "I wish they hadn't asked me to make those bridal things. It brings it all back. It has seemed all day as if—" A sob came into her throat. She tried to swallow the odor of spice pink, bluish roses, and white nancies. She loved best the white nancies for an old, sweet, simple reason of her own. As she went up the narrow path she reached out and broke a bit from the nearest white flower cluster and pressed it to her face. Its sweetness and the memory of Bess Herrick's wedding dress set her heart aching.

The small, warm room choked her. A puff of air came in at the open door, freshly scented with the night's distillations. The room became very dark in the corner, but across the floor under the window the moon's white glance grew. Jenny sat staring at it. "It's a pretty night," she thought. "I guess I won't light up at all. I guess I'll just go to bed by the moonlight." She rose to close the door, but paused to look out. The flowers seemed to sigh, the moonbeams to beckon. "I might sit on the porch a few minutes," she thought. "I'm not very sleepy."

On either side the little old-fashioned lattice porch was a wooden settee. Jenny sat down. With her hands folded, she looked wistfully at the flowers which breathed and rocked in the moonlight. She looked until she ceased to see or think or move. She had fallen asleep.

Slowly, as if she were being pulled out the depths of languor, she opened her eyes. A shroud of dream clung to her. She seemed to hear a voice and to behold a face which long years before had passed out of her life. The moon was right over the house, and its light came down in a broad white flood. Under it the flowers stood still, as if waiting for something to happen. Something had happened. A man stood half way down the coal ash path bending over the tangle of white nancies. His hat was in his hand. He stood motionless as if he had forgotten himself. His face, the curve of his head, the square line of his spare, trim shoulders had almost a photographic clearness to Jenny's staring eyes.

She knew, of course, that she was asleep and dreaming. She dreamed that John Mortimer stood there in the moonlight gazing at the flowers he had always admired. Oh, if she might die before she awoke! Ah, but she was awake all the time! This man moved. She rose to her feet. He came toward her. She heard him say, "They said I should and her here." Then she advanced fully into his view.

"I am here," she said.

They stood looking at each other, half bewildered, half curious. She saw him hold out his hand and she reached forth her hand to meet it. This brought them a little nearer still.

"Well, it is a long time since I was here last," he said.

She nodded. "Twenty-one years next month. The 17th, Thursday."

"Yes, I hadn't forgotten. The trumpet vine has grown some. That's about the only change I see." He gazed at her eagerly.

"About the only change," Jenny replied. She sank down upon the step and he took his seat beside her. They gazed at the garden in silence.

"I notice you're still growing white nancies," he remarked at last.

This seemed to drag Jenny out of her daze. "Yes," she replied.

"I carried one of those flowers with me clear to Argentina," he said. "It was that brought me back—partly." He drew forth his pocketbook, opened it and showed her a carefully preserved, pressed flower. "It's gone wherever I've gone for twenty-one years. I guess it's been a kind of talisman. You see, they didn't grow white nancies down there. So I kept this one. And now I've brought it back. Funny, isn't it?" But the catch in his voice did not sound as though he thought so. "Jenny," he asked, tentatively, "did you ever wish that—that you'd gone with me that time?"

"Oh, John!" Her voice came in a sob. "If you knew how I have wished! God only knows what made me change my mind. I wanted to go with you, but that night—" She shivered. He put his arm about her and drew her gently nearer. "That night," she went on, more bravely, "it was just such a night as this. Remember? The white nancies were all out and it was all so sweet and familiar and cozy. I couldn't bear to leave it. And father and mother were coming me to stay. I never did have much mind of my own, and when they said that if you really cared you would stay with me instead of making me go with you—" "I guess there was some truth in that," he said sadly. "I was wild for adventure, and I didn't understand all I was asking you to do. I have since. But I never heard. I thought probably you'd married. And then I said to myself: 'I'll just go back and look at the white nancies anyhow.'"

He kissed her tenderly. Jenny's face was sweeter than any flower under the moonlight as she lifted it to his. "John," she murmured, "the white nancies—I—I've kept them growing—for you!"

The Joy Of Forgiveness

By Elsie Endicott

UNT MARY! Aunt Mary! the slapsports have come—I mean the shortsnaps. O, dear," she laughed gaily, "what am I saying. I mean the—"

"Helen, come in. Sit down, think over carefully what you intend to say before beginning a remark. You are trying to tell me that the snap-shots which you took of the house and garden have arrived from the photographers?"

"Yes, yes, and they're ripping, Aunt Mary!"

"Do you mean they are torn, Helen?"

Angry tears rushed into the girl's eyes. "You know I don't mean any such a thing," she stammered. "You're only being hateful and sarcastic—and I—"

"Helen, you are not to address me in such a manner. You forget yourself. You are too excitable, too bold—"

terous, you laugh too much, talk too much. You irritate me constantly. Try and cultivate moderation, quietness."

"But, Aunt Mary, I don't want to be always quiet and never to laugh like—"

"She bit her lips suddenly but her little chin shot out defiantly.

"Helen, you are alarmingly nervous this morning. I see now that I made a great mistake in permitting you to attend the little party last evening; it was unwisdom of me in the extreme." Her dark blue eyes which were meant to be sweet and gentle, grew cold, her lips set sternly. "During the remainder of your visit," she went on, "I shall not permit you to remain up later than 8 o'clock each night. I see that I shall have to discipline you as I should a child, since you persist in behaving as such."

The girl's face went white. Her eyes blazed. She turned abruptly to the window and gazed out unseeing.

Her eyes shrank with suppressed tears. Her little hands clenched themselves upon her breast. She was fighting—fighting hard for control; not for worlds would she have broken down then before her aunt.

All the beauty of the day suddenly faded.

So happy she had been, so eager. Now she felt chilled, depressed.

Turning, she went over to her aunt. "You can look at the old snap-snaps alone, I—"

She stopped, horrified, agast!

Not a muscle of the woman's face changed. All sense of humor seemed frozen within her.

"It is emphatically as I said," her voice cut. "You need sleep! Go to bed at once!"

For one bewildered moment Helen stood there. Then her face cleared, her little shoulders straightened themselves. With head erect she walked slowly toward the door.

On the threshold she turned. Her aunt's eyes were upon her. She looked straight into them with a clear, merry comprehensive look which had in it an element of deep, understanding pity.

Two afternoons later came a caller. Fifteen years had elapsed since John Reed's last visit to his old home town. During that time success had come to him, but happiness not.

Always his heart wandered back to the little town and Mary. She had been so sweet, so gentle. He had loved her so. Never had he understood what had come between them.

If he had only known it, "much less had Mary understood."

Simply another case of the middle-some third person.

The ache in his own heart had made him wonderfully sympathetic; had broadened and sweetened him.

On the day of his arrival in the little town he went determinedly to call on Mary. He loved her still.

The door of the house stood open. From within came voices.

A bit of mischief left over from his boyhood suddenly came to life. Going in quietly he tiptoed along the hall toward the room which had lived in his memory all the years.

Suddenly he stopped, balancing himself against the wall. Someone was speaking. The voice was astonishingly hard and cold. He shivered!

"You are a most unpleasant child! Like a rough, boisterous boy you run through my house whistling, singing loudly! Now you have awakened me! You are hopeless! Never have I met such an absolutely irritating, disagreeable child! I cannot understand why your mother sent you here to me—it was an imposition—an—an incomprehensible thing for her to do."

"Mother thought you were lonely," the girlish voice faltered. "She said she and dad—that you had no one but us to love you. They—they thought you might love me. I—I tried—I—the sweet voice broke pitifully.

John Reed's face grew tense. His hands clenched. He wanted to shake

—to hurt the woman of the cold voice.

He felt no slightest compunction over his peculiar position—listening there. Rather he felt compelled to stay—something held him.

For a moment only did the sound of sobbing come from the room. Then—

"Oh," came a broken, heart-stirred voice. "What a wicked, wicked woman I have been. Little girl, I do love you. You creep into my heart the day you came. But—I—I wouldn't let you stay, the voice faltered—then went on. "I saw in you myself as I was years ago; it hurt—my heart hardened—grew bitter. I've hated other people's sunny faces—their happiness. I let the wicked hate come into my life. But I loved him so, child—and he went away—and all the world went black—black—black!"

"I've wanted to be hard and cold—I've wanted to hurt. But O, I'm so sorry now—so sorry! Her voice ceased with a little choking sound.

With wonderful swiftness John Reed crossed the room and knelt beside the couch.

The little girl watched, a smile on her lips. With wonderful intuition she understood.

For a moment the man knelt there. Then the woman raised her face from the pillow.

"Mary, Mary, beloved!" In his voice was all the power and wonder of 15 years' faithful love.

She looked at him as in a dream. Her lips curved in a smile of perfect happiness. Her whole face relaxed; grew tender—tremulous.

Then his arms went around her—with one hand he gently drew the wet face against his own—with the other he smoothed back the soft hair from her forehead in the old, dear way.

"The world is no longer black, beloved, see the sun is shining in."

She looked into his eyes bravely. "John," she said, her voice sweet and gentle. "Heaven has forgiven me. Heaven is good!"

Sorrows And Gladness

By Enos Emory

OW glad I am to see you," said Nina Maston as she grasped the hand of her friend, Elsie Moore. They had been friends from childhood, but had not seen each other for two years, as Nina's father had moved from the country town where they both lived into the city. Elsie's mother had written that Elsie was not feeling well and was a little downhearted and hoped that her friend might be able to cheer her up and make her seem like herself again. But Nina was much surprised to see her friend looking so pale and sad and thought of herself. "It must be some trouble of the mind that is making her so low-spirited."

So in a few days, after she thought Elsie would be rested, although the sad look never left her face, Nina made up her mind she would get her friend's confidence. Elsie had gone to their room, which they occupied together, and as Nina stepped in at the door Elsie tried to hide her tears; but Nina saw, and, taking Elsie in her arms, seated her on a low stool, and said:

"Now, do tell me your trouble and see if I cannot help you, for I am satisfied it is something that is troubling your mind that has taken the roses from your cheeks and the bright smile from your face."

"Yes, my dear friend, I will tell you. And this was my story:

"About a year ago I had started to walk over to Auntie's, about a mile from our home, and just as I came to that sharp bend in the road a dash of frightened horses came dashing toward me. I became frightened and bewildered and, catching the heel of my boot in my skirt, fell to the ground. The carriage must have gone over my arm. I fainted.

"When I opened my eyes they looked into the face of a young man bending

over me and bathing my face with water. I tried to lift my right arm to my head; it was broken, and I cried out with pain.

"I am so sorry, Miss, it happened," he said, "but my horses took fright at an auto and I lost control of them for a moment. Please tell me where you live, and I will take you home and get a physician."

"We placed me gently in the carriage and took me home, asking permission to call often to learn how I was getting along. He came or sent flowers every day. To make my story short, he told me one day that he had loved me ever since I looked into his eyes the first time, and it made me very happy.

"After I got able to go out we enjoyed many rides and walks together. But our joy was too sweet to last. One evening he told me his home was with his widowed mother in the city of K—, and he must go there in a few days. So we parted, promising to be true to each other. His letters came often

and I was happily looking forward to the time when we would meet again. Then a letter came that business would take him West for a while, after which he hoped to see me soon. He wrote me a loving letter while on his journey—and I have not heard one word from him since. I never will believe he was false, but my heart is breaking with suspense. I even wrote to his mother, but got no answer."

"You surely have my deepest sympathy, dear," said Nina as Elsie finished her story. "But you must cheer up and trust in kind Providence to bring it out all right."

"I wish I had your faith," said Elsie; "but I will try."

"You remember Uncle Dick, don't you, Elsie? He is ill in the hospital, and I promised to visit him today. Will you go with me?"

"I would be glad to," said Elsie, "for I always wanted to visit a city hospital." So after seeing the uncle the nurse took them over the building.

As they were passing through one of the wards Elsie grew faint and would have fallen if the nurse had not caught her and led her to a seat in the hall.

Turning to the nurse, Elsie said: "Who was that man in the bed nearest the door?"

"Oh, that is a man who was brought here last night. He was found on the sidewalk unconscious and has not come to himself yet. The doctors say there is something pressing on his brain that must be removed. There is nothing to identify him by, only a piece of a card with the name Clendon on it," said the nurse.

"Oh, Nina, it is my friend!" cried Elsie. "What can we do?"

"We will go right home and tell papa. He will see and know what to do. How glad I am we came to the hospital today, and you will not be in suspense now much longer."

"Oh, but he is in danger," cried Elsie.

"Perhaps," said Nina; "but you must trust and leave him in the care of One that doeth all things well. Can you not trust Him after he has done so much?"

"Again I promise to try, my dear friend," said Elsie, reverently.

Chesley Clendon—for that was the name of Elsie's lover—came to himself after a successful operation, and soon the day came when he was able to come to Mr. Maston's and tell Elsie why she had not heard from him.

As she came into the parlor and he rose to meet her the tears would come as she beheld his wasted form.

"Oh, Chesley, how you must have suffered," she said.

"And you have suffered too," he said, as he took her in his arms. "Now," he said, after their first greeting, "I want to tell you at once how it all came about. When I came to the end of my journey to the West one of the first things that came to me was a telegram that my mother was dead. I had died of heart failure, so I put my business in the hands of an agent and

started at once for home. There was an accident on the train; the cars ran from the track and plunged into the river. I was picked up with the injured and taken to the hospital. I cannot tell how long I stayed, because that pressure was on my brain, and they did not remove it, so I would have my reason for only a few hours at a time. The side of my coat that held my papers was torn from me in the accident and, I suppose, was washed down the river, so they had no way of finding out who I was, as I could not remember my own name.

"One day they told me I could go from the hospital, so I went away. I remember buying a ticket for Boston and of boarding the train, but everything else was a blank till after the operation at the hospital in this city. You know the rest. My dear mother has gone. My home is left vacant. Will you come into it, darling, and fill it with sunshine?"

"I will do my best," Elsie answered, gently.

An Old Young Man

By Walt Gregg.

MARIAN CLAY sat looking out of the front window of the little farmhouse. The windows faced the west. The wonderful sunset of pinks, gold, purples and reds that the west-ern sky displayed found no radiant reflection in the girl's face.

The discontented daughter should have been helping with the dishes, milk pails, and the thousand and one things to be done on a farm. Instead of this she was indulging in the thing greatly to be deplored—self-pity.

She sat there heedless of the clatter of milk pails—sat there until the glowing colors faded into pale lavender, then into the darkening gray of twilight.

The approaching footsteps of her tired mother aroused Marian. At once

the really kind-hearted girl realized her selfishness, and bravely acknowledged it to her mother.

"Mother," she then continued, "I can't get used to it all—this dreary monotonous farm-life with just us and Jim, our helper. Why, we can scarcely get a living. Then—I might as well acknowledge it—the blow, I mean when I had to leave college after one year's taste of it. I know you can't help it; and then there was father's death so suddenly. You can't blame me, can you, mother?"

"Why, if we could only afford a telephone, it would be a great change, almost a diversion. Just think to talk to them all, we're so far off from them all!"

"I'm afraid we can't afford it, Marian. If your dear father had—" Her mother's voice broke. She stood gazing at the girl, and playing her loneliness. Had she not been a young farm-girl? Didn't she know?

"There, you dear old thing! I'm a selfish girl. But mark me, mother, we are to have a telephone. How? It's a secret. Just wait and you'll see."

Every afternoon found Marian driving alone over the hills. She did not return until dusk.

"It's all right, mother. You wait awhile," blurted Marian.

One day towards the latter part of summer a man with a telephone outfit drove up.

Marian was wild with delight. Mrs. Clay had not the heart to dampen her pleasure by questioning.

"There!" triumphed the girl as the man drove off. "Guess how I earned it."

"In town somewhere?"

"No. Not far from our own doors," hinted the girl.

"Not far?" echoed the astonished mother.

"Picking berries, mother," mischievously confessed Marian.

"Well, well, surely where there's a will there's a way. I hope you will

thoroughly enjoy it, dear."

"Enjoy it! Won't I? I'm going to begin neighboring right away, and call up every neighbor far and near whether I know them or not. Won't they think me a kid? First there is the Duncan Farm—"

Thus the girl planned.

Later that day Marian had the time of her life calling up the farms, and telling the neighbors she was "neighboring," a sort of a rural spiff work in a social way, she laughingly informed them. She hoped they would be sociable. All promised hearty cooperation.

The last farm on her list proved to be the one farthest away, but she boldly attacked the phone.

A man's voice answered her. Marian hesitated a second, and her exhilaration lessened, but only for a second.

"He has a mighty pleasant voice. He is an old man, so there's no harm," thought the girl as their talk began. The voice proved to belong to a Mr. Sinclair of the Forrester Farm. He had lately purchased the property.

"I'm so glad to hear from you," he began in answer to her call. "It's lovely here with just the help. Let's make a compact—Miss—Mrs. or Mr.?"

"Oh, Miss Clay. Maiden lady, you say? Oh, ah, yes—hm! Well, as I was saying, let's call up every day at this hour, 7 o'clock. Is it a go?"

"I'll be pleased to, Mr. Sinclair. I can't see how your voice reminds me of my uncle, so you don't seem really a stranger, that is, somehow, you know."

"Marian Clay!" cautioned her mother.

"Sh! mother. It's only a little fun after all the monotony. Besides he's an old gentleman, and I—why, I'm a maiden lady. Ha, ha! Who knows what might come of it!" laughingly mocked the spirited girl.

"Good-by," came over the phone, and Marian's sweet voice answered, "Good-by."

Thus it went on every evening for a week or two. The last evening Mr. Sinclair declared his intention of visiting the Clay Farm, and set the date. That evening Marian was as fidgety and particular as if about to be visited by a young suitor.

She adorned the rooms with flowers, and induced her mother to don her best dress; while she herself looked the picture of youth in her simple white dress with its pale blue ribbons, and the little fluffy curls bobbed sweetly on the pretty brow.

Just at 7 o'clock Marian answered a knock at the door.

She started back looking exceedingly puzzled at the one looking young man on the step. And that strange fellow's eyes brimmed over with mirthful admiration at the pretty picture the girl in the doorway made, as he presented his card.

Marian read with the greatest confusion: "Henry Sinclair, Forrester Farm."

"But—why—You told me you were an old man," blurted the girl.

"Did I, or was it you that hinted the fact to me? But—why—you aren't the maiden lady you tried to represent," mocked the audacious fellow. What wavy eyes and smile the fellow had anyway.

There stood Marian, rude and astonished, keeping that handsome young man on the steps all this time.

"Oh, excuse me, please, Mr. Sinclair. Come in and meet my mother."

What a laugh they all three indulged in, and what a neighboring had begun!

Six months later Mrs. Clay might have been heard remarking to her daughter:

"Marian, your old man, rich at that, did propose. Didn't he?"

And the girl answered:

"After all, mother, our neighboring and telephone paid, even though bought with huckleberries. How happy their laugh sounded."

**RADIATOR AND FENDER
REPAIRING
AUTO HOODS VENTILATED**

Fresno Sheet Metal & Roofing Co.
1220 I-Street
Fresno, C